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Notice.

The interest of Wm. H. Miller, of Carlisle, in the Perry County Bank, of Spencer, Junkin & Co., has been purchased by W. A. Spangler & B. F. Junkin, and from this date April 20th, 1874, said Miller is no longer a member of said firm, but the firm consists of W. A. Spangler & B. F. Junkin. Banking as Spangler, Junkin & Co., who will continue to do business in the same mode and manner as has been done hitherto, with the full assurance that our course has met the approbation and thus gained the confidence of the people.

W. A. SPANGLER,
B. F. JUNKIN.

April 20, 1874.

KATE WARFIELD'S CHOICE.

"I WISH I knew what to do!"

Kate Warfield, sitting on a knoll in the cool, shadowy orchard, on a warm and pleasant summer afternoon, gave utterance to the wish.

She was in a quandary. She had two lovers, and she wondered which it was best to choose.

John Rainsford was young, and had a life full of promise, and great possibilities before him. But he was poor. Kate Warfield knew that he loved her as a strong man can love, but could she, used to the luxuries of life, give up that which seemed necessary to her comfort, and marry a poor man?

Philip Leith was old and rich. And he, in this letter which she had just been reading, made her an offer of his heart—supposing such an organ to be in existence—and hand. He could give her the things she longed for, the glitter and show she coveted.

She heard some one whistling down the road, and looking down that way saw John coming. Something seemed to tell her that she must decide between her lovers now, and in a swift way she looked the matter over. On one side wealth and fashion, and all that heart could wish for in the gratification of its selfish, worldly enjoyments. On the other hand, a humble life, and struggles to climb to that position where wealth could place her at once.

But then? Did she—could she love Philip Leith, a man old enough to be her father? Would his wealth make up for what her life would have if love was in it? As she asked herself that question she felt a twinge which told her that, after all, she cared for John Rainsford as she had never cared for any other man, and for a moment she wondered if life with him would not be preferable to a life with Philip Leith and all his wealth.

But the glitter of gold blinded her, and she shut her eyes to the purer vision which passed before them for a moment, and in that resolute crushing down of the better impulses of her nature, John Rainsford's answer to his wooing was made, before he asked for it.

He came up the orchard path, and sat down upon the knoll beside her. He had learned, in the summer gone by, to love this woman as he thought he could never love another. She was all that was pure and true and womanly in woman to him.

"I have had a letter from the city," she said. "I am going back next week."

"So soon?" he said, slowly, and looking thoughtfully off to the blue hills. She knew well enough what he was thinking about.

"Yes; I have lingered here too long already. This summer has been a very pleasant one to me. One of the pleasantest summers of my life, I think."

"Can you guess what it has been to me?" he asked suddenly. "I have learned a lesson in it that I have never tried to learn before. I have learned to love—to love you!"

His earnest eyes were on her face. His words were full of passionate strength and tenderness. Beneath his gaze, she felt how unworthily she was of such a love as he gave her.

"I am sorry," she said, slowly. He started, growing pale.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because—this letter is from the man I am to marry!"

He answered not a word, but his eyes were on her face in a strange, half-doubting gaze. Could these words of hers be true? Could it be that the woman he had thought to be so true and womanly, and who had let him go on learning to love her, knowing all the while to what he was drifting, was the promised wife of another? How he had been deceived in his estimate of her. I think the shock which John Rainsford's faith in woman's truth received was, at that moment, full as strong as that which her answer gave the love he held for her. To him she was the ideal woman; the type of womanhood, and, proving her untrue, he doubted all, because he had been so cruelly deceived in her.

She saw the lines of pain about his mouth.

"I am sorry," she began.

But he stopped her.

"Don't!" he said. "Leave the matter as it is. It is better so. No words of yours are needed to soften the blow. I shall get over it, in time, I think, without them."

"If I had known—" she said, but again he interrupted her.

"I am going now. I hope you will be happy and never regret what you have done, but some day I think you will see what a pitiful amusement it is to win a man's love, just for the mere sake of winning it. Good-bye."

And John Rainsford was gone.

Eight years passed, bringing strange changes with them.

Kate Warfield, in the years gone by since that summer afternoon when she had made her choice between the man who loved her, had become a wife and a widow.

In all those years she had not succeeded in forgetting John Rainsford—she had tried to do so. Her husband had been kind to

her. He had lavished his wealth upon her. But she could not love him. She had been a true and faithful wife to him, that is, if a woman can be that without love, but all the while a memory lurked in her heart of a summer-time that had been strangely sweet and pleasant because of the love that had come to her in it.

Ten years had also brought changes to John Rainsford. He had become a successful man. People began to point him out as one of the most promising men in the political world.

One night there was a party at one of the Senators' houses in Washington. The beauty and talent of the season were there. The scene was like one from enchantment. Light shone on gay, bright faces full of the glad excitement of youth and life, and on older and soberer faces, for whom the novelty and freshness of such gatherings had worn off. Jewels flashed and sparkled, and lent an added brilliancy to the scene. The air was full of strange and sweet perfumes. The soft and mellow music from an unseen band made the air vibrate with exquisite melody.

Kate Leith, in a dress of some rich fabric that set off the beauty of her face to perfection, looked out upon the scene with a hope stirring in her heart that was very sweet and tender. The man who had loved her in the years gone by was there. She was free now, and she knew that she loved him. If, in all these years, he had not forgotten her!

And then the woman's heart stirred with a feeling that was inexpressibly tender. Her life had lacked something that gold could not purchase. It was love that she had needed to make her life what the life of every woman ought to be.

A swift color flashed into her cheeks. He was coming toward her, with a sweet-faced woman leaning on his arm.

He saw her, and came forward with outstretched hand.

"I am happy to meet you once more, he said. Her eyes drooped under his gaze and a soft, happy light came and went in them. She gave him her hand with an eagerness that told how glad she was to see him.

"Allow me to present my wife. Louis, this is an old friend of mine, Mrs. Leith.

Every trace of color faded from the woman's face. But she gave his wife her hand in a smiling welcome, and murmured a few words of congratulation, while her heart was covered up a sweet hope that had met a swift and sudden death. So true it is that smiles can hide an aching heart!

During the summer of 1840, a gentleman known by the name of "Old Moss," who was considerable of a wag, was traveling on a steamboat up the Mississippi River. He had with him an ugly cur, that he called "Major."

Old Moss was boasting of what his dog could do. The captain, who was standing near, remarked that what he said might be true, but he did not believe it. Moss replied, that he would bet treats for all present, that he would make his dog do three things by telling him to do them. The captain took the bet. Old Moss seized his dog by the nape of the neck, and tossed him overboard. As soon as he touched the water, Moss yelled out:

"Swim, Major, swim!"

The dog swam, of course. Moss kept his eyes on the dog. As soon as he perceived that the dog could touch the ground he roared out:

"Wade, Major, wade!"

Major waded until he landed on dry ground, when Moss shouted out:

"Shake yourself!"

Major shook himself. Moss turned to the captain, who, with the gentleman present, were convulsed with laughter, exclaimed:

"There! by the eternal living boots, I have won the bet."

It is useless, perhaps, to say that the captain paid the treats.

Spinner's Speech.

The Washington Capital says that when the news reached Spinner of the Treasury, that Congress had cut down the force of his office, he called his clerks, male and female, before him and said:

"Fellows, an attempt by this d—d beggarly, mean Congress is being made to turn some of you out. Now when they turn any one of you fellows out, by —, they turn me out. But I won't go. No, d—d if I go a step, nor shall you. The four notified to quit will continue their work.—I take the responsibility, and I'll pay 'em out of the conscience fund. It couldn't be put to a better use. Now fellows, d—d souls, go to work."

The men broke out into loud cheers and the women burst into tears. Then a cherupty little miss of about sixty threw her arms hysterically around him and kissed him. At this all rushed at the benevolent old sweeper, and he was nearly suffocated, for the thermometer stood at ninety.

The dear, profane old soldier. Wish we had an army of that sort.

A Sagacious Judge.

A man was recently hauled up before one of the new police courts near Boston for keeping an unlicensed dog, and the case being a very clear one, the judge fined him \$15, but immediately adjourned the court and hurried to the proper office to have his own dog licensed.

A WIDOWER'S WOOING.

His name was Lemons, he was a widower of several months standing, a man of middle age, with a few streaks of silver in his hair, of gentlemanly address, of pleasing manners, of cheerful countenance and one in prosperous worldly circumstances.

The loss of his wife first left him in a state of inconsolable grief, from which it required several weeks for him to recover. Soon, however, his old gaiety returned. He put aside the sombre cast of countenance that he had worn, his old smile came back again, he ceased to talk of his late misfortune, and he began to have a tender consideration for the sweet young girls who dwelt in the vicinity of his place of residence.

His immediate friends and relatives thought him strangely forgetful, some of them who were inclined to be charitable, attributed his sudden gaiety to a slight aberration of mind, but the gossip of the neighborhood considered his conduct highly improper, and even disgraceful, for, in the language of Priscilla Whitehouse, an unmarried girl of questionable age who resided in town, and whom some unscrupulous young persons were in the habit of designating as a person having designs upon the winower:

"A man who goes a gyration round with all the silly young girls that are ready to run after him never comes to no good end. Now here's Israel Lemons, whose wife ain't got cold in her grave, sprucin' up enough to kill an' a goin' out amongst 'em. I say he ain't fit to be trusted in respectable, society, nor to be continued in fellowship with the church. Why, if I was a married woman, and I should go up and die an' my husband should go to doin' such things as Israel Lemons is a doin', I would come right back an' haunt him as sure as I was alive!"

But notwithstanding the current comments of Priscilla Whitehouse and many others like her, Israel Lemons gradually grew more and more social in his disposition and forgetful of what had once seemed his irreparable loss.

Several of the sisters in the church besought Elder Long to labor with him for his inconsiderate conduct and indiscreet behavior, but that good man well understanding the various freaks and faculties of human nature, wisely refrained from meddling with that which was none of his business. He simply smiled an approbative smile as he listened to the appeal of the women, promised to give the matter his thoughtful consideration, and went upon his way to the parsonage and with rare good sense said nothing about the matter.

Now, the late lamented Mrs. Lemons left four young children. They were all bright and intelligent beings and bore in their young faces many marks and indications of promise. Israel Lemons, burdened by the cares of business, which for the greater portion of the time kept him absent from home, soon began to feel that some one should take charge of the things at home who would be interested in the welfare of his family, and it required but little reflection on his part to persuade himself that it was his duty to marry again speedily.

There sometimes seems a special Providence that brings about the easy accomplishment of matters and things in life that some persons most earnestly desire.

Her name was Polly Pease, she was a lively young widow with dark brilliant eyes and ebony black hair. She had a taste for things that were beautiful, a cultivated mind, a love of music, a friendly regard for widowers.

They met at a great watering place, where both quietly sought to pleasantly pass the summer months. Their regard for each other was greatly augmented by a remarkable coincidence.

Polly Pease had a remarkable resemblance to the late lamented Mrs. Lemons, and Israel Lemons seem a perfect picture of the departed Mr. Pease.

From a formal acquaintance there sprang up between them feelings of the most friendly character and which grew into what is more commonly called love.

One quiet June evening they were sitting closely together. The frogs and crickets were chirping their customary serenade. No one was near to interrupt or listen to their conversation, which naturally flowed on in a somewhat sentimental channel. At last Mr. Lemons became very serious and thoughtful.

"Of what are you thinking?" asked Mrs. Pease, curiously.

"Come, come," continued his companion, "pray tell me what troubles you?"

"I was thinking—ah—I was thinking—ah—" here Mr. Lemons blushed, stammered and completely broke down.

"Thinking of what?"

"Of—of—to be sure—certainly—yes—of a wonderful analogy. It has in fact just occurred to me. Like a tree am I, sturdy and strong; like a vine, you are weak and dependent. Lemons grow upon trees; pease grow upon vines. Come twine yourself about me. Let my life be blended

with your life, and let me be your support always."

The widow leaned her head trustfully upon the widower's shoulder, and with a fervent clasp returned the gentle pressure of his hand. At last the widower said:

"Let us have Pease."

And she replied:

"O, Lemons!"

A Scene in New York.

A ONE-LEGGED soldier walking up the Bowery recently was accosted by a clothing merchant with the usual "Sell you something to-day?" Entering the store the veteran was invited to inspect the large stock, but having looked through the array of coats and vests and trousers, he turned to go, saying that he saw nothing there that would suit him.

"Vell vat you wants?"

"I want a pair of one-legged pantaloons."

"Vos dot all? Yacob, bring me one of dem one-legged gray pants on dot pile in de corner."

In a few minutes Jacob returned and reported that the last pair had been sold.

Meanwhile the partner next door who had been listening through the thin partition had mapped out a plan of campaign against the one-legged cripple. "Yohn," he whispered to an attendant, "cut off de leg of one of dem gray pants. Send him up quick."

By the time this had been done the soldier had hobbled out of the first store only to be inveigled into the second. Again he went through the inspection of odds and ends, and again demanded one-legged trousers, intimating that he didn't believe the trader had them.

"Not haf one-legged pants! Fadder Moses, vat you takes me for? Yohn, bring me one of dem one-legged gray pants, in dot pile in de back of de store."

The newly altered trousers were produced, and the waggish soldier gave himself up as lost. But as he spread them before him he became conscious of something wrong.

"Main Gott! Fadder Abraham! Yohn! you haf ruin me! You haf cut off de wrong leg!"

This was probably the same dealer who was recently called upon by a young man for a coat. A fit was made in due time, and then came the haggling about the price. First twenty dollars was fixed, then the clothier abated dollar after dollar, fighting his way inch by inch, until at length he offered the garment for eight dollars.

"Do you think I'm made of money?" asked the young man indignantly as he turned to depart.

"Say! you come pack! I sell you dot coat of it cost me a leg. Vot you gif for him, say now?"

"I'll give you two dollars!"

"Two dollars! Vy, de buttons is more wort as dat! Split de difrance—make it twenty shillings!"

"No I'll give you two dollars."

"Vell, take him. It was a pooty coat. You gif me two and a quarter, eh?"

Producing the two dollars, the young man moved away with his purchase; but as he reached the door he heard the dealer exclaim, with uplifted hands:

"Gott help me! I only made one dollar on dot coat!"

Another of the Chatham street dealers had what he called army brogans and cavalry boots. An ex-soldier purchased a pair of the latter one rainy day, but returned to the store within a few minutes, complaining that the soles were of pasteboard and had already soaked to a pulp.

"Vot you was done mid dem boots?" asked the dealer.

"Why, I walked two or three blocks."

"Walk! You walk in dem boots! Vy, dem was gavalry boots!"

A Sharp Boy.

Freddy Warner is a child of some five summer's growth, and his mother, like all good mothers, never lets slip an opportunity, to impress upon her offspring's mind some good practical or moral lesson.

She had given little Freddy a fine apple, and said to him:

"Now, Freddy, you must give half of the apple to your brother Georgy, and when you divide anything with another person, you must always be sure to give the other person the larger half."

"Yes, mamma," replied the little philosopher, looking sharply at the big apple in his hand, then suddenly looking up into his mother's face, he added: "Dear mamma you take the apple and give it to Georgy, and let him divide it with me!"

In spite of all the terrors of the theologues and the mysteries of the metaphysics, death is as natural as birth. Who can tell that we do not pass through the one as through the other, all unawares? Life opens before the little one bright and beautiful, wrapped around with love of tenderness, but whence and how he came he knows as little as the pink-petaled rosebud opening to the June sun. So may it not be that Death clasps close the parting soul in dreamless, natural repose, leaving to the living all the pain, while the dead, forever alive, wakes wonderingly to the glory that shall be?